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S O N G S, &c.

I N T H E

VILLAGE GHOST.

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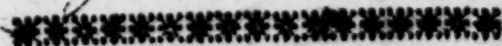
MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT.



PERFORMED AT

SADLER'S WELLS.

written by M^r Tho^s Dibdin



1794.



CHARACTERS.

Blunder O'Whack — Mr. DIGHTON,

Dobbin — Mr. NORMAN,

Clover — Mr. HELME,

And Harry Halliard — (Mrs. MERCHANT.
Mrs. T. D. Dine)

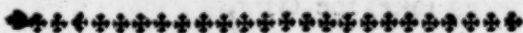
Nancy — Mrs. PERRY,

And Goody Credulous — Mr. GRAY.

Songs, Chorusses, &c.

IN THE

VILLAGE GHOST.



SONG.——GOODY CREDULOUS:—

WHY, Daughter 'tis true, yet like you I was Young,
Like you cou'd have chirp'd, cou'd have danc'd, and
And its true too likewise, [have sung
I'd a pair of such eyes,
That the Parson, Exciseman, the Lawyer and Clerk,
Compar'd 'em to Candles that shine in the dark,
And moreover than that, it is known very well,
That the 'Squire to the Neighbours would frequently tell,
That had I been a Lady, perhaps, do you see,
Why he might——but good lack that's all over with me.
Then slight not my Counsel, because I am old,
Remember, a Daughter should do as she's told;
You'll find in the end,--
Poor Goody your friend,
Who bid you be cautious, of Men to be ware,
For they'll lie and they'll flatter, then lord how they'll swear,
And if you'll believe me, why then my dear Child,
They'll play you such tricks, it wou'd make one run wild;
I've prov'd it myself, so 'tis true do you see,
But that, lackadaisy's all over with me.

SONG.——NANCY. —

When Struck by Love the Virgin's heart,
Which custom should conceal,
And Rebel Nature tries each Art,
The Passion to Reveal;
Should she by smile, or wink, or look,
Incautions give a hint,
If such kind Language is mistook,
The duce must sure be in't.

By such Approaches bolder grown,
 The Lovers quickly meet,
 She blushing owns her heart his own,
 He smiles at sounds so sweet;
 Then asks her hand, she wont be teiz'd,
 Yet willing takes the Hint,
 And then if both are not well pleas'd,
 The duce must sure be in't.

SONG.——O'WHACK.

Come listen awhile and I'll sing you a ditty,
 Shall make ev'ry Soul of you laugh till you cry,
 And own you ne'er heard of a Tale half so pretty,
 As what I'm beginning to tell by and by;
 Its all about Blunder O'Whack of Kilkanney,
 Who took once from Dublin to London a trip,
 For staying at home why I thought it all Blaney,
 So I set off and walk'd all the way in a Ship:

With my Whack, &c.

For I'd an ould Uncle I tell you my Honey,
 Who died in the Morning on Night t'other Day,
 And he very civilly left me his Money,
 Because why, he cou'd'nt well take it away;
 So when I had money I rode it in Chaifes,
 And look'd very big upon those that had none,
 For he that has no Cash may walk if he pleases,
 Or if that don't please him, why then he most run:

With my Whack, &c.

So to London I came, and I thought it so pretty,
 To see the Folks crowding along in the Street,
 Where a body may walk from the Strand to the City,
 And run up against every foul that you meet;
 And then there's the Gentry so nate and so nimble,
 As if to the Bufiness they born were and bred,
 Who can slip off a Watch, or a Purse, or a Thimble,
 Or your Pocket can pick of the Hat off your Head:

With a Whack, &c.

Then

Then there's Hughes and Astley's odd whimsies and capers
 Where Horses have every perfection but speech,
 And the Jockies all ride as you read in the papers,
On three horses at once, with a leg upon each;
 And then there's your Seiges and Battles so clever,
 Where wooden Battallions all join in the strife,
 And Soldiers of Pasteboard each other disserve,
 And all the *dead* Men look as natural as *life*:

With a Whack, &c.

Then for Dublin I travell'd all Night and all Day,
 While the Ship in the Water was led such a dance,
 That somehow we found she'd mistaken her way,
 And instead of dear Dublin we landed in France;
 Where if a Man dare his opinion to mention,
 Before he can speak it they chop off his head,
 For those ugly spalpeens that are call'd the Conventio n,
 Never try a poor fellow till after he's dead:

With a Whack, &c.

And so by my Conscience I left them behind Sir,
 And soon made the best of my way from the South,
 For how did I know but they might be so kind Sir,
 As to send home O'Whack with his head in his mouth;
 And to London return'd, I was pleas'd do ye see Sir,
 To think from those Blood-hounds I safe had got back,
 For if they had happened to Guillotine me Sir,
 'Twould have spoil'd all the singing of Blunder O'Whack:

With a Whack, &c.

SONG.—HARRY HALLIARD.

My name's Harry Halliard, I care not a fig,
 Who vapours, who swaggers, who struts or looks big,
 My Girl I can court, for my King I can fight,
 And, shiver my timbers! I think I am right:

For I take ev'ry chance as I happen to find it,
 And if they turn cross, why then, I ne'er mind it,
 'Tis foolish, d'ye see, for to fidget and fret it,
 And if a shot comes——'tis the best way to let it,

Let

Let Parliamenteers fall out, why, what then?
 They're welcome, for Harry, to fall in again—
 Let Frenchmen for Freedom each other belop,
 French Fashions I hate, and I won't be a Crop.
 But I'll take ev'ry chance, &c.

When danger is nigh I consider this here—
 That a true honest heart has got nothing to fear;
 And let the worst come, I'm not such a dunce
 Not to know that Old Davy can take me but once.
 So I'll run ev'ry chance, &c.

DUET.—HARRY, AND NANCY.

HARRY Fear not my Girl, your Seaman's true,
 To Honour, Loyalty, to You,
 An honest Tar, will ever scorn
 To pluck a Rose, and plant a Thorn.

NANCY Farewell to Form, farewell distrust,
 My Sailor's true—he is—he must,
 Then take your Nancy's hand and heart,
 May Nancy ne'er from Henry part.

Both Thus pleas'd we envy no one's lot,
 No Love each Care shall be forgot;
 To you my Love I all resign,
 Love, Peace and Loyalty be mine.

SONG.—O'WHACK.

When France, mad for Freedom, her King controul'd,
 At first she was awed by FAYETTE the bold;
 Then came the Assembly Nationale,
 And then she was govern'd—by nothing at all.

But spite of all pother,
 Of this, that and t'other.
 They all lose their heads in their turn.

The wretch **EGALITE** led the way,
 Who like an ill bird did his nest bewray ;
 And **LOUVET** the *Wolf*, as his name impli'd,
 Who twelve hours respite his King deni'd,
 But after all pother,
 Of this that and t'other,
 They both lost their heads in their turn,

The monster **MARRAT** did to them succeed,
 But him **CHARLOTTE CORDE** soon forc'd to bleed ;
 And **BRISOT** beneath the sharp axe did bend,
 Being well deserving a Traitor's end.
 For spite of all pother,
 Of this, that and t'other,
 They all lose their heads in their turn,

Then **HERBERT**, who hunted his King to death,
 Resign'd at the Scaffold his guilty breath ;
 And the wretches who join'd t'accuse the Queen,
 Have all bow'd their necks to the Guillotine.
 Whilst after all pother,
 Of this, that, and t'other,
 They all lose their heads in their turn,

CAMILLE DESMOULINES did his God deride,
 But punishment soon overtook his pride ;
 And their Hero **CUSTINE**, who'd have run away,
 To escape from the block on the destin'd day.
 Yet spite of all pother,
 With this, that, and t'other,
 They all lose their heads in their turn.

Next **BUZOT** the brutal, and **BARBAROUX**,
 And the fam'd Mayor of Paris, proud **PETION** too,
 When hunted by bloodhounds, at length were found
 Ready Mangled and massacred under ground.
 But after all pother,
 Of this, that, and t'other,
 They all lose their heads in their turn.

CHABOT and CHAUMETTE, were both doom'd to die,
 And DANTON, who dar'd even Heaven defy;
 Nor to SIMSON himself did they death refuse
 Who taught his young Prince to make wooden shoes,
 For with all their pother,
 Of this, that and t'other,
 They all lose their heads in their turn.

Then let Athiests and Anarchist's blood be shed,
 And never a King-Killer die in his bed,
 Till TALLIEN, and CAMBON, and curst BARRERE,
 Be sent for companions to ROBESPIERRE.

And spite of all pother,
 Each Regicide Brother
 Like these lose their heads in their turn.

SONG. — DOBBIN.

When folks meet together Dissensions to sow,
 And by breeding Divisions encourage the foe,
 While false Motives and Colours they hold to our view,
 'Tis a Sign they might find something better to do.

But in England thank heav'n we're rather too wise,
 For our Neighbours in France have now opened our eyes,
 And however mad people together combine,
 Of Disloyalty here you won't meet the least Sign.

Then let the Convention attempt to come here,
 To eat up our Beef, or to drink our Strong Beer,
 Of that they'd be short, but if fighting they wish,
 At each Sign in town they wou'd meet a good dish.

But rough Entertainment they'd find at the Buck,
 And they'd meet at the Elephant no better luck,
 They'd get their heads comb'd if they call'd at the fleece,
 And they'd run from the Swan like a parcel of Geese.

They'd

'They'd have little to boast of success to their Cause,
If once the Brown Bear hugg'd 'em fast in his paws,
At the Boot they'd get spur'd, at the Clog they'd get pegs,
From the Freemason's Arms they'd soon take to their legs.

The Lions, no matter of Black White or Red,
Wou'd prove that they good British Lions were bred,
The Tiger to Frenchmen wou'd hardly be civil,
And they'd get from the Angel all kick'd to the Devil.

May the Sign of the King ever meet with respect,
And our good Constitution each Briton protect,
And may he who first caus'd all the troubles in France,
Be hung on a *Sign post* on nothing to dance.

SONG.—HARRY HALLIARD.

The life of a Sailor's a queer life enough,
Like the Ocean he rides on, oft smooth, and oft rough ;
Yet to day he enjoys, and scarce thinks of to-morrow,
For thinking's a trouble, and trouble is sorrow.
 So he fights and he loves,
 And he drinks, and he laughs.
And the health of his King and his Sweetheart he quaffs ;

While the joy of all joys that a sailor can know,
Is to help a poor Friend, and to beat a proud Foe !
When I heard your wiet folks of Philosophers cry,
Avast with your finical lingo, says I,
For if I know an oar from a sail or a spar,
'Tis an outlandish name for an honest Jack Tar.
 For he takes all things easy.
 He drinks and he laughs,
 And the health, &c.

Should he meet a rough squall, or a queer looking floy,
Why he knows that complaining would be all my eye,
He nor fears it, nor braves it, for each is a sin,
And when the Storm's over the Calm must begin.

So

So he keeps up his courage,
He drinks and he laughs,
And the health, &c.

Should he meet with Mounseer he has no care but one,
To shew him our Tars know the use of a gun;
While of striking bold strikes they palaver and brag,
They may strike what they will—but they shā'n't strike his flag,
For he fights, and he loves,
And he drinks, and he laughs
And the health, &c.

SONG.—O'WHACK...

A Wedding's a Wedding the Universe over,
From Pekin to London, from Turkey to Dover,
Married folk, are the same, wherever they're born,
From the Cape of Good-Hope till you double Cape Horn.
And sing Ballinimona-Oro, &c.

When a King means to wed, why he does it by proxy,
And sends over a Lord to espouse his fair Doxy;
When a Commoner marries, the Bridegroom (poor elf!)
Is obliged to go thro' all the business himself.

In Owwhyhee, they say, there's a stick broke in two—
If you look in Cooke's Voyage you'll find it is true;
In England they never break sticks it is said,
But married folks often break—each other's head.

A Soldier and Laffy jump over a sword,
A Sailor and Girl oft take each others' word,
A Jew may espouse his great Aunts or his Cousins,
And Turks buy their Wives, like our Chickens, by dozens.

At a Wedding in Ireland they're wondrous frisky
With black eyes, bloody noses, punch claret and whiskey;
In Scotland they've haggies, hodge podge, and sheep's head;
And in Holland they smoke till they're all put to bed.

By whatever forms we are join'd to each other,
May husband and wife live like sister and brother:
Be the int'rests of Britain united for ever,
Like folks that are married to separate never.

FINALE.

FINALE.

HARRY. No more by Ghosts affrighted,
 We tune our sprightly lays,
 And be but you delighted,
 'Twill all our spirits raise.
 CHO. No more, &c.

NANCY. Since faithful proves my Harry,
 I'll frankly own my joy.
 Nor more for form's sake tarry,
 So take my hand my boy.
 No more, &c.

GOODY. Take poor old Goody's blessing,
 Forget your troubles past,
 Your love's no more distressing,
 Consent I give at last.
 No more, &c.

DOBBIN. At length so snug and happy,
 We'll push about the Jorum;
 While you drink Pints of Nappy,
 I'm ready here to score 'em.
 No more &c.

O'WHACK. Ne'er let's turn tail to sorrow,
 In hopes our Patrons here,
 Before 'em all to morrow
 Will let the Ghost appear.
 And then no more affrighted, &c.



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UNITED STATES

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